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### The Clockmaker of the Black-Forest.

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**S**oon Benedict sent orders on his own account, announcing to his parents that he was in business for himself; so hundreds of clocks were packed and dispatched to London to his address, Father Urban himself furnished a certain quantity that he had fabricated and perfected with extra care. A little later, at the time appointed, came a Bill of Exchange, which was to be cashed by a banker in the neighboring village. The clockmakers in the environs rejoiced at Urban's prosperity, but most of them were glad that he had such a good son.

No one sympathized more sincerely with the happiness of the worthy cottagers, than the excellent curate. Often when to recreate himself, he would ramble over the hills than enclosed his parish, and cast a glance over the green, and fertile valleys that were smiling at his feet, taking a look on the dwellings of his children, some of them collected in graceful groups, and others entirely isolated, tears bedewed his eyes, and, in the secret of his heart he murmured: "Alas! why are not these men as good as their country is beautiful? Does it not seem that God has massed these mountains as a sort of rampart to defend these regions from the introduction of the heresy and the vices of the outside world. And yet there are many who blush to own the peaceful, solitary valleys as their native land, and sigh for the depraved customs and the corruption of unbelieving countries! Very soon my work here must be concluded. Grant them O Lord, another and a better shepherd, and give him strength and Thy grace to lead his flock aright."—

#### XIV.

Seven years had passed, and the Feast of St. Peter and Paul was to be celebrated on the morrow. Father Urban had just concluded the dusting and adorning of the little chapel, and with a trembling hand he turned the enormous